



Lost



fanfic

j+j

38 1 6

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I've waited, waited for the perfect person, and now... they're here. Standing right in front of me. His icy blue eyes and pale skin making me shiver, but not in fear, no, never.

He looks me over, probably wondering why I'm just standing, staring. "Something wrong?" His voice is deep, deep, calm, soothing.

For a second, I almost forgot why I was here in the first place. I smirk, looking to the floor, then put my hand in my yellow hoodie pocket, coiling my fingers around, what I believe, is the handle of my knife.

He must have noticed the movement. The boy puts his hand into his hoodie pocket too. I can almost see his fingers through the material, wrap around the handle of his old knife. Mine's new. Everything about me is new compared to him. A new criminal, new crimes, new victims.

I rub my index finger across the blue handle, making sure it's positively still attached to the blade. It definitely does more damage when it's connected.

I stance myself into a good position that will allow me to propel myself off of the gravel underneath me.

The boy positions himself too. Giving me cold eyes. Cold icy blue eyes, with black rings

underneath. The ones that give you the bad boy, die for look. Not counting his smile, his perfectly carved smile. He did it. I don't know how it'd feel. Painful? Pleasant? I can't find out. The cut goes perfectly along the line, graces each cheekbone, perfectly. Making it a smile that's permanent.

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He takes the first advancement, we both pull out our knives simultaneously, I try hard to slash his hand so he won't hit me, but it doesn't work my way. He cuts my cheek, harshly, making me fall onto my back, landing behind him.

He turns and sits on me as I try to keep my cheek from bleeding any further. I raise one knee up and knock him off sideways, reaching for my knife, but he kicks at it and it slides away. I reach out once more, this time he grabs my hair sitting on top of me again and puts his knife up to my throat, i try to breathe but can't. I just gasp in nothing.

I feel his knife dig, but I don't feel the pain part of it, I just feel the cold, soft blade against my burning skin.

He leans his face close to my neck and ear, "Go... to... sleep..."

Chapter 2 by Joseph Butler



Next thing I know their is a horrible pain on my neck. I felt it get wet. I still had my head pulled back. Just than I heard sirens and I felt my head drop. I slowly drifted away. I saw paramedics run up. They were saying something but all I heard was mumbling. I bet as they rushed over they were wondering why I was covered in white paint with my eyes blacked out and red lips and why I had a big white hoodie in 80 degrees Fahrenheit weather. I felt them lift me. I fell them remove my big new knife. I tried to scream give it back and grab it but I couldn't remove. I felt needles being inserted and than I passed out. I awoken weeks later. I sat up. I was only 15 and and a girl and my parents were dead and I had no where to go so I lived on my own. I decided to make a few hundred bucks I could do this job. It was to kill Jeff the Killer and bring his head in. He had been a serial killer for more than 2 years. No one knew where his hideout was or his real identity was. But that day I was attacked on was on the trail to his home following him. But I was attacked. And now I was sitting in a hospital bed. I ripped the needles out and left. I had to get my stuff ready again for the Jeff hunt.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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